

Watching Over Me

The Canadian Tenors

The pure, the bright, the beautiful that stirred our hearts in
you
The whisper of a wordless prayer; the streams of love and truth
A longing after something lost
The spirit's yearning cry
Striving after the better hopes these things can never die

There will always be the shining sun
There will always be the rising of sea
There will always be an angel watching over me
There will always be an angel watching over me

A timid hand stretched to forth to aide a brother in his need
A kindly word in grief dark hour that proves a friend in need
So shall a light that cannot fade leave on thee from on high

And angel voices say to thee these things shall never die

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